

Christmas Carols

by
Phillips
Brooks.



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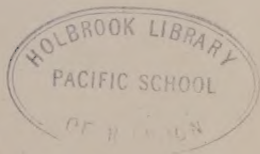
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James W.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.







Christmas Carols

by the

Rt. Rev Phillips Brooks D.D.



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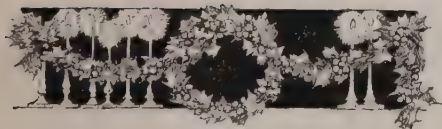


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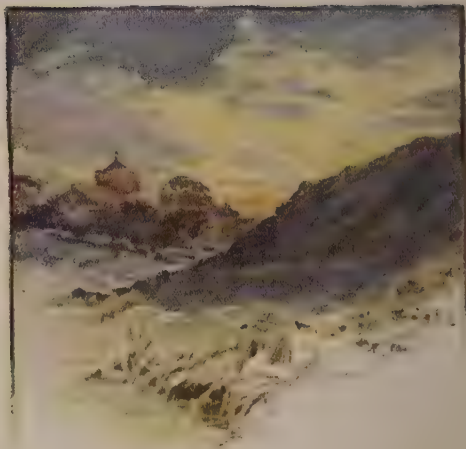
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CHRIST came girt round with wonders,
and yet He came so gently, so un-
noticed save by the few who clustered
nearest to His life, that the great
surface of the world's existence was
hardly rippled by the wonderful touch that
had fallen upon it. . . . It was a spiritual
miracle, and the miracles of spiritual life
are always as still as they are powerful,
and as powerful as they are still.





O LITTLE TOWN OF
BETHLEHEM.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.

Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.



O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.



For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,



While mortals sleep the Angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!



So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.





No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will
 receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,



Where Misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild.



Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,



The dark night wakes,
 the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
O Lord Emmanuel.





CHRIST is always calling on men to witness that He is truly human, the pattern and fulfilment of humanity. The human nature belongs to the Divine. The Incarnation was in the highest sense supremely natural. It is the first truth of all our existence that man is eternally the son of God.



THE VOICE
OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

THE earth has grown old
with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel
burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music
breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the Angels is sung.



It is coming, old earth,
 it is coming to-night,
On the snowflakes
 which cover thy sod,



The feet of the Christ-child
 fall gently and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child
 tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.



On the sad and the lonely,
the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-
child shall fall;



And to every blind wanderer
opens the door
Of a hope which he dared
not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

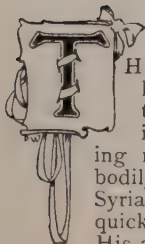


The feet of the humblest
may walk in the field

Where the feet of the
 holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel
 to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets
 of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.







HE coming of Christ to an anxious humanity is not a memory of something which happened years ago; it is something which is actually happening now, to-day. The words which the bodily lips of Jesus spoke one day in Syria, do their full duty only when they quicken and interpret the utterance which His actually living, unseen heart is making to our lives and souls to-day.





CHRISTMAS ONCE
IS CHRISTMAS STILL.

THE silent skies are full of speech,
For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of Faith, and Love, and Fear.

But once the sky its silence broke
And song o'erflowed the earth,
The midnight air with glory shook,



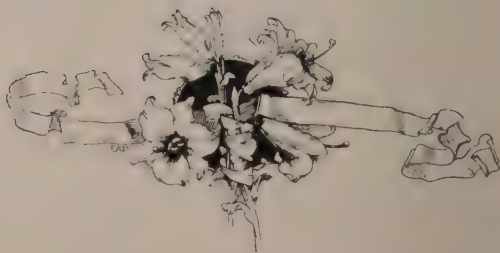
And Angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took
In Christ the Saviour's birth.





And Christmas once is Christmas still;
The gates through which He came,
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill
Are vocal with His name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring
To the great song which greets the King
Who comes when Christ is born.





CONSTANT
CHRISTMAS.



CHRIST is there in Palestine, and yet here in the soul. He is all the more there because He is here; because each new soul, as it becomes conscious of itself, finds all that once took place there taking place again and forever on its little stage. On this Christmas Day let us all feel thrilling through all this humanity the glorifying fire of the Incarnation.



CONSTANT CHRISTMAS.

THE sky can still remember
The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
The Saviour, Christ, was born.

And still in darkness clouded,
And still in noonday light,
It feels its far depths crowded
With Angels fair and bright.



No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.

No eager strife of mortals
In busy field or town
But sees the opened portals



Through which the Christ comes down.
O never-fading splendour!
O never-silent song!

Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the gray earth strong.



Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.



O Angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing



The wonders which attended
The coming of the King.

Till we too, boldly pressing
Where once the shepherds trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of Blessing,
And find the Son of God!





A CHRISTMAS CAROL.





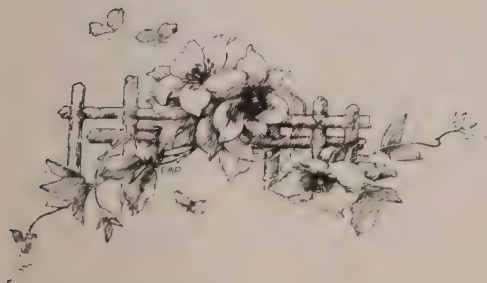
IT was necessary that Christ, the Son of God, should live at one special point in human history, and at one special spot in the world's geography. But yet, everybody who understands Christ knows that what took place visibly in Palestine is taking place spiritually everywhere and always. Christ is always coming.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

EVERYWHERE, everywhere,
Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands
of the fir-tree and pine,

Christmas in lands
 of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow-peaks stand
 solemn and white,



Christmas where corn-fields lie
 sunny and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere,
 Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children
are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men
are patient and gray;



Christmas where peace,
like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men
in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere,
Christmas to-night!





For the Christ-child who comes
 is the Master of all,
No palace too great and
 no cottage too small;



The Angels who welcome Him
sing from the height,
“In the City of David a King
in His might.”
Everywhere, everywhere,
Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart
keep its Christmas within,



Christ's pity for sorrow,
Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest,
Christ's courage for right,

Christ's dread of the darkness,
Christ's love of the light;



Everywhere, everywhere,
Christmas to-night!



So the stars of the midnight
which compass us round



Shall see a strange glory,
 and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, "Look! the earth
 is aflame with delight,

O sons of the morning,
 rejoice at the sight."
Everywhere, everywhere,
 Christmas to-night!





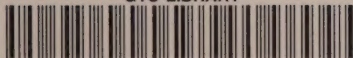
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